

A
0
0
0
7
4
6
7
9
7
0



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

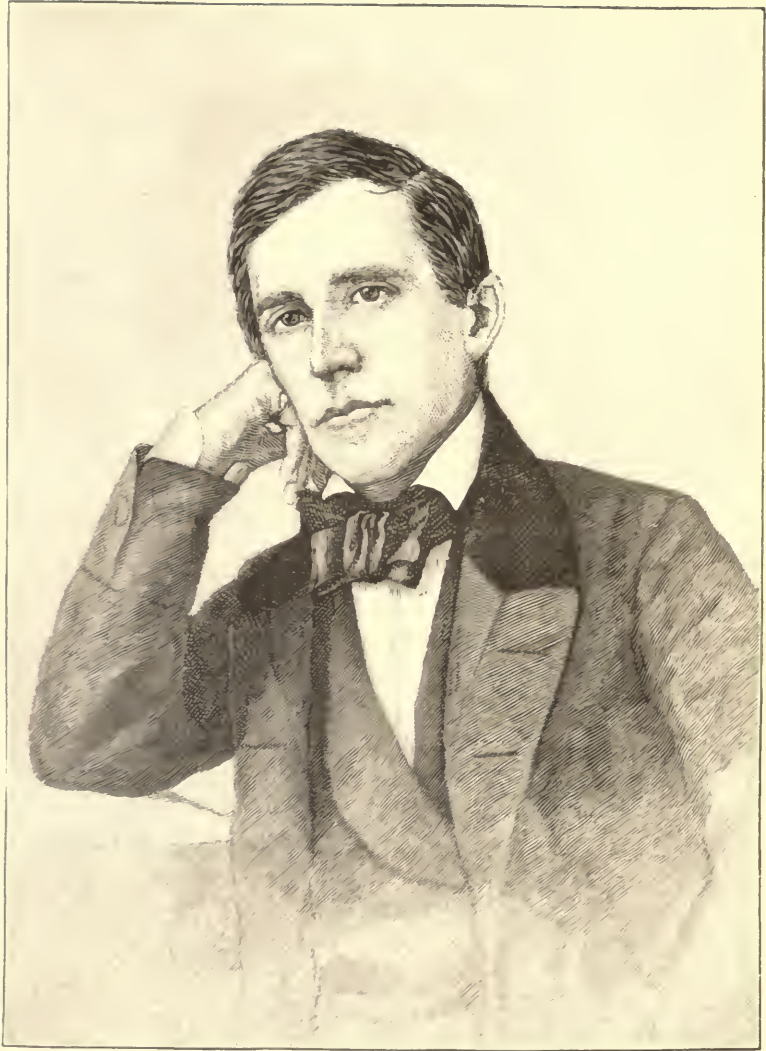
MY OLD

KENTUCKY HOME



STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

ornia
al



George C. Foster.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Written and Composed

BY

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON
TICKNOR AND COMPANY

211 Tremont Street

1889

Copyright,

1853, BY FIRTH, POND, AND COMPANY;

1881, BY MRS. MATHEW D. WILEY AND MRS. MARION FOSTER WELCH,

1887, BY TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

All rights reserved.

Published by permission of WILLIAM A. POND & Co., owners of the Copyright.

University Press:

JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.



Illustrations

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE AND CHARLES COPELAND.



Drawn, engraved, and printed under the supervision of

A. V. S. ANTHONY.







MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT!

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n'-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,—
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady;
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part,—
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.

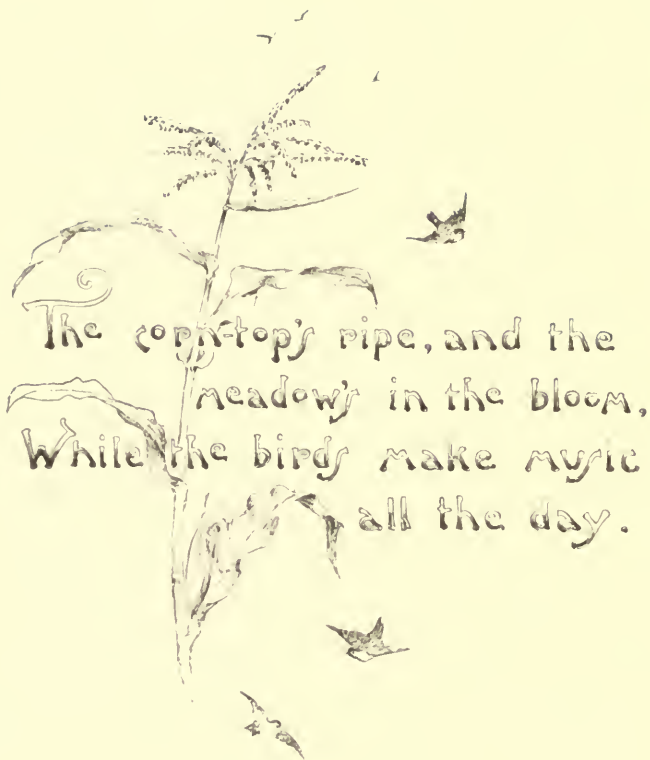
The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar-canecanes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—
No matter, 't will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,—
Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.



The sun shines bright in the
old Kentucky home ;
Tis summer, the darkeys
are gay ;





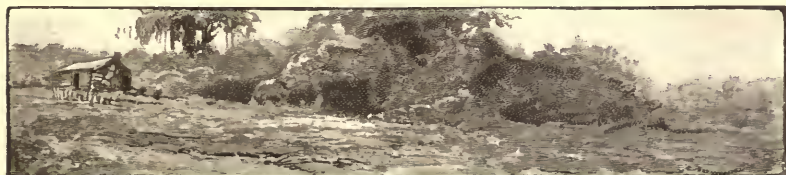
The corn-top's ripe, and the
meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music
all the day.



Copeland 87

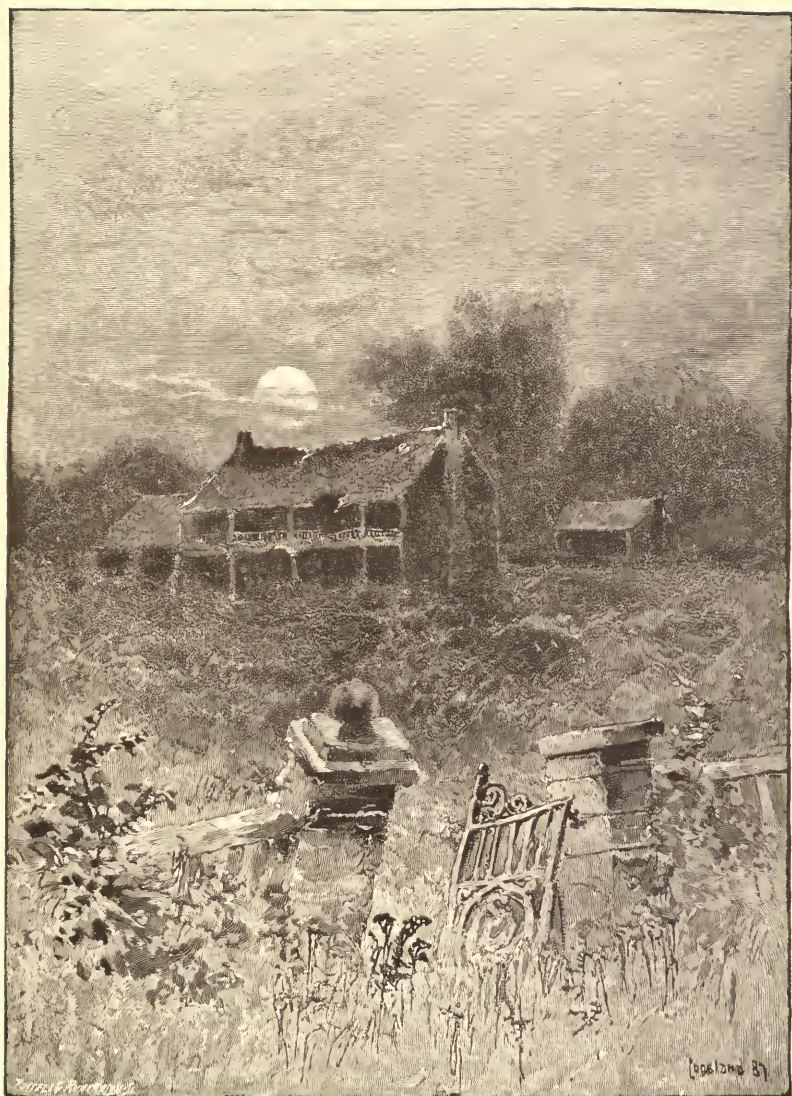



The young folks roll on the
little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy
and bright;






By'n'by Hard Times
comes a-knocking at the door,-
Then my old Kentucky Home,
good-night!



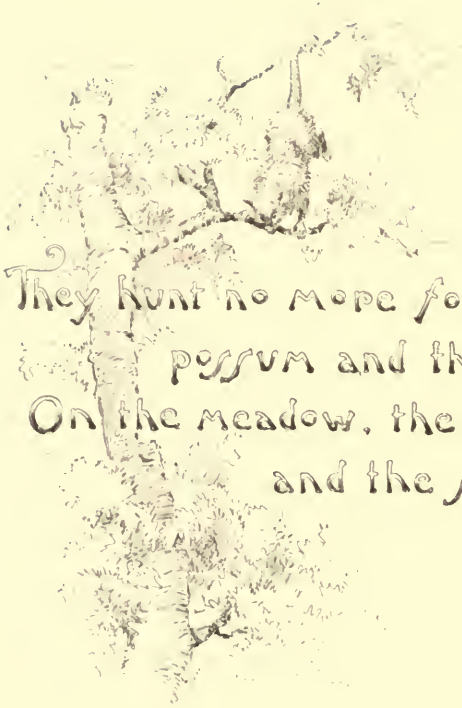
A decorative floral illustration featuring a central stem with several small, round, daisy-like flowers and a larger, more complex flower head at the top. The illustration is rendered in a simple, sketchy style.

Weep no more, my lady;
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song
for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home
far away

A smaller decorative floral illustration, similar to the one above, featuring a central stem with small flowers and a larger flower head.

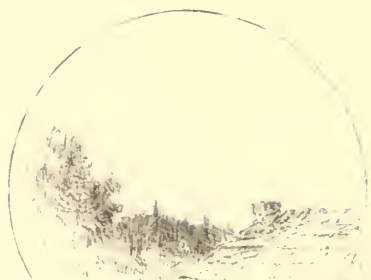


(opelond 87)



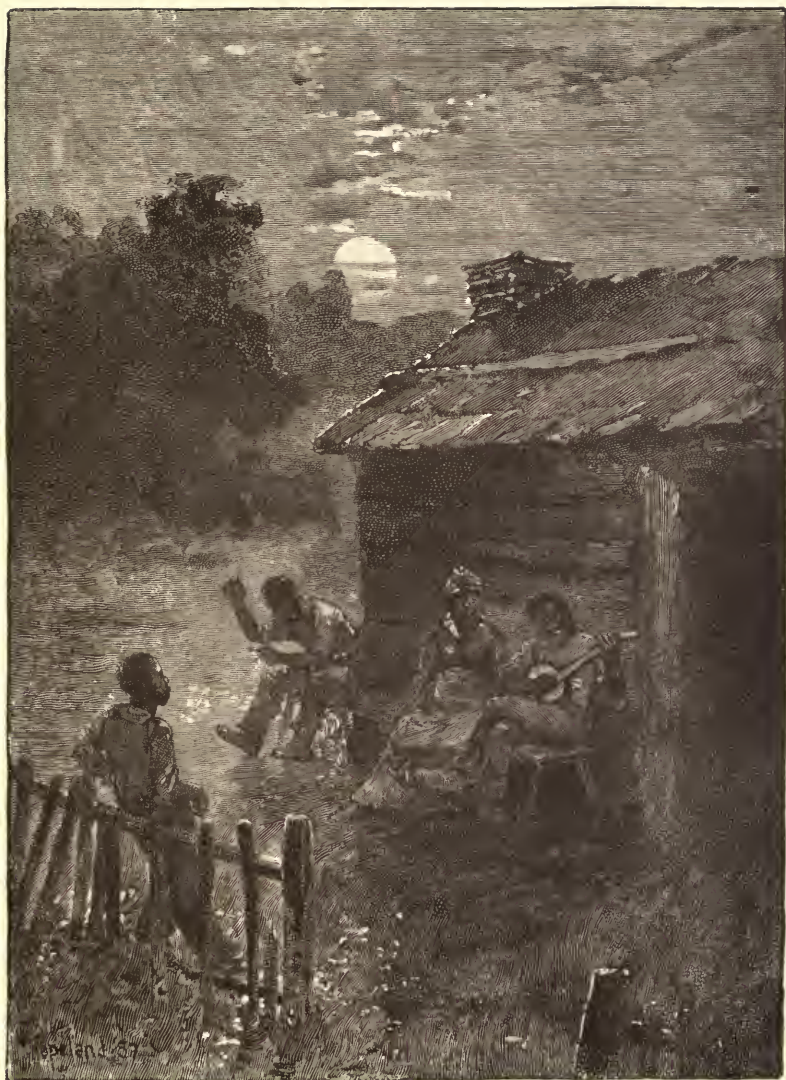
They hunt no more for the
possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill,
and the shore;







They sing no more,
by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the
old cabin door.



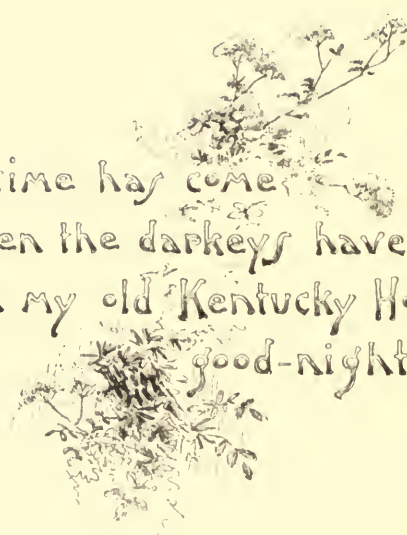




The day goes by
like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow
where all was delight;







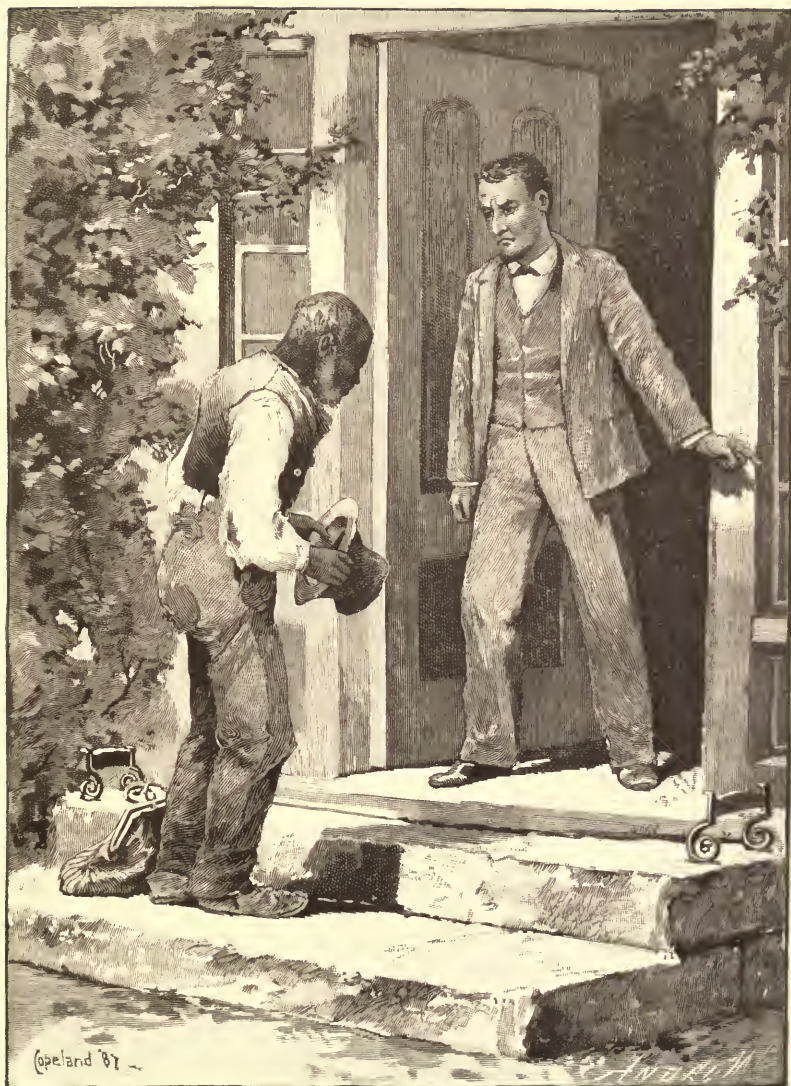
The time has come
when the darkeys have to part,-
Then my old Kentucky Home,
good-night!

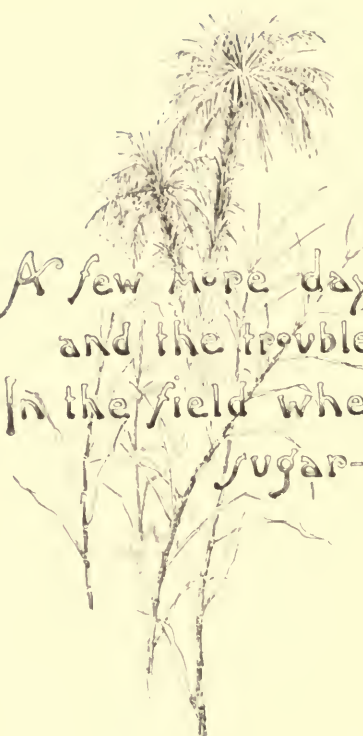


The head must bow, and the back
will have to bend,

Wherever the darkey
may go;

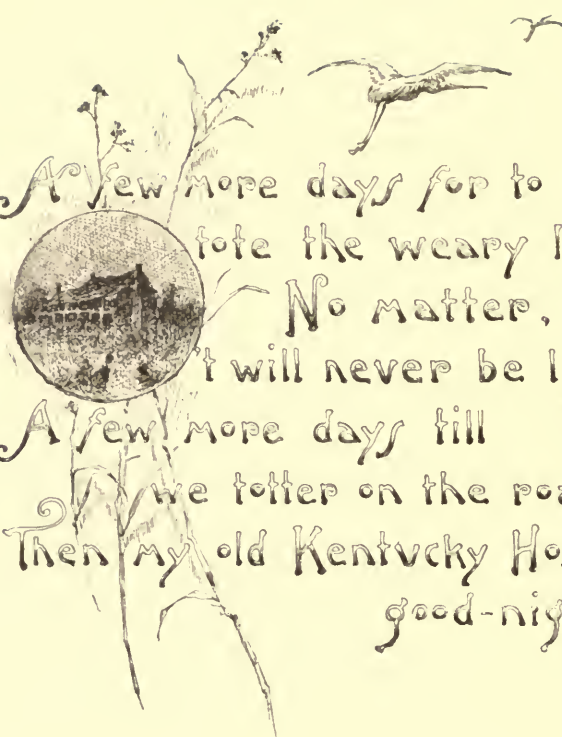






A few more days,
and the trouble all will end
In the field where the
sugar-canes grow;





A few more days for to
tote the weary load;-
No matter,
't will never be light;
A few more days till
we totter on the road,-
Then my old Kentucky Home,
good-night!





MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT!



The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the dark-eyes are
 gay, The corn-rop's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
 birds make mu-sic all the day! The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
 mer-ry all hap-py and bright, By'n-by Hard Times comes a-
 knocking at the door, Then my old Kentuck-y Home, good-night!

CHORUS.
 1st & 2d SOPRANOS.
 Weep no more, my la-dy. Oh! weep no more to-day! We will
 TENOR & BASS.
 sing one song for the old Kentuck-y Home, For the old Kentuck-y Home far-a-way.

COPYRIGHT, 1853, by FIRTH, POND, AND COMPANY; 1881, by Mrs. MATHEW D. WILEY and Mrs. MARION FOSTER WELCH; 1887, by TICKNOR AND COMPANY.—All rights reserved.



University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

SEMI-ANN. LOAN

REC'D MISS
NOV 03 1997

AUG 18 1997

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 746 797 0

Univers
Sout
Lib